Nevember.

Upon the brown and far-off hills
The haze lies soft and blue,
While nuts are dropping thick and fast
Where summer wild flowers grew.

The maple's gold and crimson leaves Like blood-stained banners gleam, And purple asters ope their bloom Beside each purple stream. The woods like some grand temple stand Beneath the glowing skies, While down the long, dim sistes the baze

No organ's deep, majestic notes Come pealing on the alr— No chorsi strain triumphant floats Along those arches fair,

No voice is heard—no sound, save but The brookiet's rip'ling flow, Or whistling qual in covert thick, Where scarlet berries grow.

ned rabbit's tread

Perchance some frightened ral May make an echo there, Or droway hum of honey-bee Fall on the dreamy air.

Their goudy hues untold, And seem as if some Midas' touch The grapes in purple clusters hang Upon the clinging vine; And in the orchard, 'mid the leaves, The raby apples shine.

But through the forests, o'er the hills, A volce comes whispering low— It murmurs of the wintry winds And of the falling snow.

The crimsoned leaves to the earth must fall, And breezes o'er them sigh, Oh! sad it seems that aught so fair Should ever fade or die.

We read on every falling leaf This lesson most sublime: That resurrection's holy power

For though the summer flowers must The spring with sun and rain Shall call them from the hill and vale To bud and bloom again.

SELECTED STORIES.

Out in the Rain. Sprinkle! shower! rain! right down Millie Warner's tasterul little hat and

graceful shoulders, unprotected save by a thin shawl, notwithstanding the beseeching clamee of the prettiest pair of hazel eyes hat ever looked up to a cloud that way. When Millie came to a large farmhouse, he very gladly, and rather hastily—for just was a heavy peal of thunder opened the gate and went up the flower ordered path to the house and knocked for admittance. Nobody answered, and as another peal of thunder was heard, accom-panied by a vivid flash of lightening, Millie entered without ceremony. She took in at a glance the contents of the room she came to, a large square room, plainly but neatly furnished—the cane seated chairs, the chintz-covered lounge, bookcase filled with books and sheet music; the violin in its case in the corner, the vase of faded flowers, and the ornaments on the mantle There was no one there, but she heard a childish voice in the room, and again knock-ed. A dark-eyed girl of ten or cleven years,

opened the door.

Millie explained why she was there. With the ease and good manuers of one much ol-der, the child bade her welcome, placed a chair near the stove and took Millie's drip-

ping hat and shawl.
"I was just beginning to get dinner, that
was the reason I didn't hear you knock.—
It will be a long time before the shower is over, and you must stay with us to dinner. It will be ready by the time Ben comes; but

dinnie'll be weddy when Ben tums, lisped and laughed a little child of three years.

The older child, whose name was Hetty,

"I can't get a very good dinner, I ain't quite old enough but Ben says I do nicely. He puts it on for me, and I see to it. But he does not allow me to take off the kettles. for fear I will burn or scald myself; but I think I am large enough to do that. I like to have everything ready for him when he comes in tired and hungry. I can't make buiscuit—wish I could, for Ben likes them ever so much; but Martha who comes in to make bread for us, says she will teach

"Where is your mother?" asked Millie of the little Eva when Hetty was out of the "We is got no mudder but Ben," the little

one lisped.

When Hetty came back, Millie said. "Now that I have got nicely warmed and my dress will dry as well at work as sitting still, so I will help you get dinner. If you like, I will make some biscuit, and we will

have dinner ready in a very short time."

Hetty was delighted. Ben would be glad. Might she look on and learn how? Millie was young, and frank, and gay, and she and the children soon became very well sequainted over the biscuit. She said presently, trying a potato with a fork.

"The potatoes are done. I will pour the water off so, then put them on again to dry.

That will make them mealy. In a few min-utes we will peel them, and then dinner will be all ready except taking it up. The dinner seemed very meagre to little Hetty as she ran over the items in her mind, potatoes, peas, pork, biscuit, butter, cucum-ber, milk water. She had wanted to make tea for her visitor, but she declined deci-The poor child said appologeti-

used to have a good many things for dinner, and Martha our hired girl, used to get them all; but when they died, and Squire Johns said he bought a mortgage on our farm and that we had got to pay every cent the day it was due or lose everything, we had to do without a good many things, and we are very poor now, and Ben is afraid we can't have enough to pay it, and they all say we may look for no mercy from Squire Johns, for he is a very hard man to the poor, and he has always wanted our farm, because it joins some of his own land where he wants to build. I heard all about it when one of the neighbors was talking with Ben, though he didn't want me to know about it.

Millie had listened to this with a curious mixture of feeling, for Squire Johns was a declared lover of hers, and though she had not accepted him, she had been pleased with his attention, and had certainly given him encouragement. Moreover, he was to re-ceive his final answer in three days from that time, and she was not sure the answer " True, Millie, was not in love with but she had waited so long in vain for that ecstatic state of feeling she had read and heard so much about, that she was not was as much as she could expect. But she certainly liked Squire Johns as well as if not better than any one, and his love must cer-tainly be disinterested, for he could not know that—but now Millie stopped. Could he not? Might he not have found out in some way. If this story were true, would such a man be likely to marry a poor girl? For Millie Warner was really an heiress in a small way. She was sole inheritor of a small unencumbered farm from her father, and five thousand dollars in bank stock. But the farm was two hundred miles south

The story agreed with things that she had heard hinted at, but only binted at, and even that the next moment was smoothed even that the next moment was smoothed over, for Squire Johns was a rich and influential man, and people could not afford without some reason, to lose his favor. She remembered it all now. Could he in reality

She could judge better about the truth of the story when she had seen Ben. Who was he! Two or three inquiries had amounted to nothing. They spoke as if everybody must know who Ben was. Was he an uncle, cousin, hired man, or what? Evi-dently somebody very old, by the way Hetty spoke of him. But she shrugged her shoul-ders as she looked out at the still pouring

pitched up the last hay on the load, leaned his pitchfork against a tree, and took off his

through an open window some one standing at the table, with arms bare to the elbow, mixing flour. It must be Martha.

No; these fair, white arms are not Martha's neither hers the slender, graceful figure. As he came nearer, he could distinguish the sparkling piquant face. She was laughing and talking with Hetty; and evidently giv

in her high chair, working at a piece of dough,
"A tate for Ben." It was as black as he little soiled fingers could make it; but it did not occur to Eva that could be an objection. It was a pretty sight in that long desolate home; and he stood there, unconscious of the p using rain, eagerly gazing at the young stranger, himself a picture of manly heatity, till the voice of one of the men calling to the oxen awoke him from his

ing her directions for what she was making. Hetty was gazing upon her, enger and absorbed. Little Eva was sitting at the table

near blundering upon.

T--- P----

make an attempt at general occupation; bu

night as well go and see her son at the sam time, a proposition at which she fairly cried with pleasure. I took her address, saying

that I would write her a word a week before

returned (so that she might come first and

get the house ready for me); engaged a char-woman to sleep on the premises during our absence, and started for Switzerland.

Only in passing through Paris, I stuck there

s I always do.

At the end of the third week I found

letter at the Poste Cestante marked "Imme diate;" it was from Kramme, and ran thus

"DEAR PENYOLIN :- I have got an order

for an historical work; one of those things

which Mudie's subscribers who call novel

trash, think improving, you know. Such a title we have hit on: 'War, Women and Wine!' Now, you'll take War? You will give an account of all the principal wars that have ever been waged. Sacred wars; Siege of Troy, Helen, Wooden Horse; Wars

of the Roses, etc., down to Prussia, versus Austria. There must be plenty of thrill and

encyclopædias, Hume, Grant and Napier As the book must be out soon after Christ

mas, perhaps you had better come back to

I sent off three letters immediately; on

to the charwoman in charge of my house

one to Betty; one to Kramme accepting

his offer, and promising to return in a week and nine days afterwards I was sitting in

my study, fenced about with gigantic ency-clopiedias, working at my strange hash with the vigor which a spell of idleness

Betty put her head in at the door and

aid that a lad wanted to see me, and my en-

gaged heart jumped; but remembering that Betty knew my Lucy and her mother, and

would not announce either so vaguely, it subsided again. Perhaps it was a partner

n War, Women and Wine, come to make

came to this house, I suppose she means

you."
"All right, Betty, show her in," said I, sure now that she had come on business, for I sign all my work T. P.
There entered a tall lady with a great

deal of bone about her, apparelled wonder-fully. She must have had bonnets and

dresses enough to last her life made when

she was about fifteen, for I am sure she

could not get them cut like that now un-

ess she went to China, and gave the native

tailors old ones for patterns. She carried a large bag in one arm, and a tent, ingeniously

contrived to open and shut like an um-brella, in the other hand. I rose, bowed,

and offered her a chair; she stared at m

as though she wanted to send me off into

her roof, for to call her top covering a bor

net would be really too absurd.
"Where's the other?" she suddenly asked.

The other? That must probably be

with him on the subject of the work, and expected to find him with me that morning.

colained to her that Kramme was proba

What is the use of talking to me, when

bly at home, working away at his section.

you know that I am stone deaf:"

I had not known it; I had not heard

her existence, even. It was very remiss of Kramme not to tell me of this fellow laborer

kramme not to tell me of this fellow laborer and her peculiarities. After trying in vain to communicate with her by signs, I wrote: "In what way can I be of service to you?" on a bit of paper, and handed it to her. "Ah," said she "I cannot read it without spectacles, and I have left mine at home; but

applied with a syringe, as before?"

Lotion! Syringe! Oh, her deafness. No doubt Kramme had given her some nostrum

for it, and she had better go on doing what he advised. She could not get worse. So

handy, have you?"

I always take dinner pills with me whe

forgotten to throw it away; so I took it out, and offered it to my visitor, who pounced

delight from certain articles signed T. P. had called at the office of one of the journ-

als thus enriched for T. P's, address, and

had expressed her admiration and gratitude

in this delicate but practical manner. The

compliment would perhaps have been highe if she had not been so very tond of pills

but I had no time for minute analysis.

took the number of the note, and locked

up in a drawer, and went in at War again

"Here's another for T. P.; a man this time

all on wires." A flop was heard in the hall.
"There, this is the third time as he's dropped his hat since I let him in!" said Betty.

Was this rush upon this signature a prac-tical joke? No; practical jokes never re-

sult in five-pound notes to the butt. At any

rate, I would not risk the loss of contribu

In an hour or so I was again disturbed.

upon it with the avidity of a child

nodded.

me; she had evidently had interview

esmeric slumber, and proceeded to remove

London, and set to work at once.

You can have the use of thre

By and by there was a sputtering of water heard in the next room by Hetty. "Ben has come," running hastily forward

and opening the door.
"Ben has tum!" echoed the little gir clapping her hands and lisping, as he came in, bright and smiling, what she had in store for him, "I is made a tate for oo, I is." He caught her up in his arms and gave a kiss, while she laughed and shouted; but

Hetty, said, prettily: "My brother Ben." Then to him: "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is staying until it clears up. She has been so kind to help me to get dinner, and has made some splendid bis-

They both stood mute a minute, she with surprize at the real Ben, young, handsome and well bred; he with admiration and and well ored; he with admiration and a strange new feeling he could not define. He had hardly made her welcome, with a re-turn of his self possession, when there was a loud rap at the street door. Helty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to

Ben: "Squire Johns."

Millie drew quickly back from the half open door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him, but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the snave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and

"I am in haste, young man; I just stopped the payment of the to say that the time for the payment of the money due me being day after to-morrow, it it is not ready I shall be obliged immediate-

ly to resort to severe measures,"
"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man in a surprised and excited tone, "you are very much mistaken. It is not due unti the 28th, not due till the 28th, it is now bu the 18th. At that time if I sell the piece of land I partly expect to do, I hope, with

"You are laboring under a singular mis-take, young man. Here is the mortgage, you can see for yourself that it is the 18th." "Let me see it."

The figures danced upon the page. He passed his hands over his eyes and calmed himself with a great effort. He grew ashy "It reads so, certainly, but I cant under stand it." He went to the desk. "Here is a memorandum my father made of the cir-cumstances, and it is the 28th, and he was

a very sure methodical man, and would not be likely to make a mistake, that might be fraught with very important and evil conse puences to him.—I believe—," a sudden sus-picion coming into his mind, as he detected lurking triumph in Squire Johns' eye, " believe there's some villiany about this mat ter, and that you are at the bottom of it, he exclaimed excitedly, fixing his eye firmly upon the lawyer, who changed color in spite "Be careful what you say, young man, as

you may get yourself into troable," he said angrily.
"Yes, sir, I believe you are a base villain I remember that you are the lawyer who made out the mortgage at the time, and I know that you have been for to get hold of this property. If there is any justice you shall be exposed!" "In the meantime you had better have the money ready," coolly and insultingly replied

"That is impossible as you know. You knew very well that I could not raise so much money in two days, when you laid your diabolical plans."

"Then you know the consequences."
"And what is to become of my young isters?" "I neither know nor care. That is your The young man strove hard to repress his

"Squire Johns, by the 28th I can pay this "That will do you no good. It must be ready by day after to morrow, or I take pos-session. I might have shown you mercy but

"That is false! liar! villain! and voknow it. You never showed mercy in you life. You have won your ill-gotten wealth by robbing the widow and the fatherless. It

you take this property, may it bring you a curse, now and evermore. But while it is in my hands I will kick you from it, you dastardly scoundrel!"

The Squire was a small man as well as coward, and while he was being ignomintously ejected from the house by the angry and excited young man, Hetty was crouched down close to Millie, pale and frightened,

Eva was sobbing in her lap, and Millie-it would be very difficult to describe her feel ngs.

Ben did not come into the room for somtime afterward. When he did, he looked haggard and aged, and was passing through

stily, as if to escape notice, when Millie s-like and straightforward little gir that she was, began: "Mr. Hazwell, I want to talk with you few minutes. There would be no use in pre tending that I haven't heard what you and Squire Jones have been saying, for I have heard every word. I think I know of some one who can help you; but first may I ask

you a few questions?"

Ben at first looked displeased and haughty but her kind, straightforward manner disarmed him. He bowed assent. What was the amount of this more

"Two thousand dollars and interest," the brief reply.
"What is the total value of the farm "My father valued it at ten thousand dol-

"Are there no other mortgages?"

"Very well; I am quite positive I know some one who can loan you the money. I am Millie Warner. Call on me to-morrow, at my cousins, Mrs. Sandford's. Ben's dreams were strangely mixed up that night with mortgages and hazel eyes. The next day was a long time of suspense and anxiety, and early in the evening found him at the Sandford's, where he was r ceived by Millie herself.

The next morning, accompanied by neighbor, he called on Squire Jones. He was at breakfast," the servant said. An angry light shone in Squire Johns' cold gray eye, when he heard who was his visitor. "How dare he come! I warrant though, the chap isn't quite so high and mighty as he was the last time I saw him. enough this morning. I will hold out hopes pardon-grovels low as he laid me, hen I'll be revenged. To-morrow this and the possession of Millie Warne

and fortune, will make me a rich and happy man indeed. I will tantalize him to his heart's content. "You are early this morning. ey," he said ironically.
"That's my errand," replied Ben coolly.

"Do you mean to say that you have rais "I do, and I have brought Mr. Frost to prove that it is all right. There is two thousand dollars. We have each counted it. There is the interest. Now I will take

up the mortgage, Squire Johns."

Livid and trembling with passion, Squire Johns was compelled to yield the mortgage and execute the usual release.

There was no trace to the violent passion

to which the Squire gave free license, when the next evening, he drove to Sanford's. He looked happy and smiling. There was a queer little smile on Millie Warner's face as she saw him through the closed blinds. It was a little ounious that he was compelled hat to cool his moist forehead. His gaze followed the haycart, went over the broad lands, and returned.

"The hay is all gone in," he said with a long breath of relief. "I could not afford to lose even one load now; I don't know that I can do it; but if I can sell part of the land I may. It will be a hard pull though."

The young man followed the cart into the barn. The storm was at its height when he went towards the house from the back way. He stopped in surprise, as he saw

lown to my desk again, and wrote a mem "Yes, it was I. I went in there for shelte prandum for my future biographer—"He re-turned from Paris, and found himself fa-mous;" and then took a mental header into The 'Squire muttered curses low and deep but Millie did not stay to hear them. She only saw him ride away, with that same queer little smile on her face.

"Well, what is it now, Betty?" I asked when, a couple of hours later she made her third appearance. "Not another for T. P.!"
"Indeed, but it is, and a young lady.— Squire Johns rode a long distance out of his way, six months after, to avoid a wed-ding party just returning from church—Ben Hazwell and Millie, his wife—which he came Perhaps I had better say you are busy?"
"O no; ask her to come in. What is she "I don't know; she's all wale," replied

Betty—"Walk in, please, miss."

The young lady came in percipitately, raising the wale, and exclaiming; "O Tim how could you? If you knew—" Almost the last words spoken by the good old lady who left me four thousand pound consols and a house in Kensington were: Her feet and her tongue were alike arrested when she saw me; and indeed I was slightly dumbfounded myself. For a good looking young woman, with really a splendid figure, to rush into your study, and address you in somebody else's Christian name, is most startling. She was the first to re-

"Don't let it, John-live in it; it has been "Don't let it, John—live in it; it has been my home for fifty years and more; your uncle died in it, and my poor girl. I can't bear the thought of strangers coming and ill-treating the furniture. Chambers are dear and unwholesome, and I think they rempt young men to keep late hours; and as for lodgings, you will be skinned in them. You will not desert the old place, will you John?" The house is not a large one, but heavelf high for a backelor with my small is most starting. She was the first to re-cover from the surprise which she seemed to feel at finding me in my own room.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"Really, madam, I have not the remotest idea," I replied.

"Oh, do not trifle with me!" she exclaimabsurdly big for a bachelor with my small income to inhabit, nevertheless. If I and en. "Do you fear lest I should betray him! on. Do you lear lest I should betray him?
O, sir, there is no danger of that. I am his
wife, and I love him though he has deserted
me, because I know the reason; his letter
told me. He faucied that I should spurn my servant Betty were marionettes, with the power of shooting off our members and re-setting them at pleasure, we might lodge a head in one room, an arm in another, and so

make an attempt at general occupation, who being ordinary mortals we can only manage two rooms apiece. Now to live in the midst of furnished solitude is melancholly, and I should certainly feel strongly tempted to misconduct. He was ashamed to face me; he thought that the prospects of poverty would make me shirk. Ah, he little knew me! Surely be must have spoken to you of disregard my poor dear relatives' dying in-junctions were it not for the hope of speedi-ly increasing my income and relinquishing "I assure you that I cannot believe in the possibility of any husband leaving you of his own free choice," said I, gallantly. "But the some mistake here. May I ask his y bachelorhood.

Betty, let me hasten to observe, is a con

Betty, let me hasten to observe, is a con-fessed forty-five, was chosen for me by the mother of my intended, and is a salad of the virtues; industry, honesty and respectability forming the principle ingredients. She is a widow, with one son, a sergeant, who re-turned to Plymouth from China last August, just as I was going abroad for a couple of months holidays. So I thought that Betty wicht as well go and see her son at the same "Why, Timothy Porter, of course, sir!"
"I really do not know of any one of that name, madam." "Oh, you are playing upon words, and trifling with me! But after the trouble I have had to trace him to this house, and the

t, I am not to be lightly turned away. I will search every corner, sir; yes, every cor It was beautiful to see how the express of her features passed from softness to ex treme firmness, and I gazed on her with an admiration not unmixed with apprehensive awe. Was this injured lady exceptional or typical? was it within the bounds of proba-

many weary miles I have traveled to reach

bility that my dearest Lucy would ever as-sume that tone after the boats were burned behind us?
"I should not wonder if he were in this very next room," continued my fair visiter, going to the folding-door which separated my study from the unused dining-room.
"Ah, locked! This is suspicious. We sha

soon see."
She took the key from a nail close by, and let herself into the dining room. It seemed useless to talk to her, so I sat despairingly down in my chair, awaiting the result of her investigations in bewildered silence. Her lining room search proved a blank, and she went up stairs. Presently afterwards I again. "Another for T. P., Betty? Send him or

her away. I'll see no more.' Before Betty could reply, a well-known voice exclaimed: "No, Mr. Penyolyn; not another for T P.; but one who has called to ask why you have adopted those initials, and what is the meaning of the advertise-ment?" And the imposing form of the me-ther of my intended swept into the room, olding a newspaper in her hand. "Oh, my dear madam, I am so glad to see

ou!" cried I. "I thought you were at "We were at Scarborough, but have re turned sooner than I expected. But that has nothing to do with the explanation I demand. What is the meaning of this ad-

arrangements about the division of labor. "Leastways," said Betty, "she asked for T. P.; and as them's your initials, and she I declared with truth that I had neve idea what she meant. Her only reply was to place the paper in my hand. A pen-and-ink mark in the margin directed my atten-

"The licensed homicides who decimate the nation under the titles of physician, surgeon, or general practitioner, arrogantly call all those professors of the healing art who refuse to conform to their antiquated and inefficacious rules, quacks. Yet, a traveler, who has lately returned from the wilds of Crim Tartary, where he has learned the marvellous curative lore of the Boshes, possesses some miraculous secrets for the cure of all diseases arising from disorganization of the reticular interlineation of the nerves. What is blindness? Paralyzation of the optic nerve. What is deafness? Prostration of the nerves of the ear. This benefactor of Europe has cured thousands of the blind and deaf whose cases have been declared hopeless by the Faculty. As for neu-ralgia, tic dolouloureux, rhumatism, St. Vitus's dance, winking, starting at sudden noises, &c., he is ready to guarantee the res

oration of all persons so afflicted to the healthy nervous status of the plowman and milkmaid. Address T. P., 1 Blank Terrace, Kensington. N. B.-T. P.'s invaluable work, 'The Nerves and their Victims,' is now ready. To be had of all booksellers, price half a crown, or direct from the author by sending thirty-six stamps to his address."
I rubbed my eyes and stared in wonder at
my proposed mother in law, who stood in a
judicial attitude.

"It is an absurd hoax!" cried I. " And now I understand why I have been pestered all day with callers demanding to see T. P."
"Then you have not turned quack doctor?" I thought such a thing impossible.
Of course, however, I could intrust the happiness of my daughter to no such fraudulent impostor; and the initials being yours, as well as the address, I determined to call at once and see what it all meant. Of course,

my dear Tom, I am overjoyed to find that you are merely the victim of a silly trick-. "The last did no good to my hearing, but the pills did to my health. I have taken them all. You have not got any more here, The exclamation was caused by the entrance, at that moment, of the fair deserted. The e'der lady drew herself up to her full height, and then stiffened into live marble. I go abroad, and the last box happened to be in my table drawer, I baving fortunately "Oh, I see," she said, and her accent was

this! A narrow escape my poor girl has had. Good morning, sir," "But madam," I began. "Enough, sir; not a word! Permit me

sugar plums, swallowed two pills then and pany!"

sugar plums, swallowed two pills then and there, and rose to go without saying a word upon business. Only, on leaving the room, she gave me an envelope, which I opened directly the door closed upon her, expecting to find some direction from the publisher of Kramme. But there was nothing but a five pound note! What was this for? A sort "But you are mistaken," I cried. This is Mrs. T. P.; she has not been in the house five minutes, and I never saw her before." Before I could get any further in my expla-nation, Mrs. T. P. struck in. "Oh, madam, of retaining fee? A small payment on achow can you treat with such cruelty a poor distressed woman, who has been left by her itself into my mind : no doubt this eccentric but extremely sensible lady had reaped much comfort, improvement comfort and husband, and"---

"Enough," said Lucy's mother, "Doubtless your story is very romantic, but it has no interest for me." And she moved haughtily to the door where she found herself con fronted by a couple of policemen in uni-

"Sorry to distress you ladies," said the but duty, you know is duty, and must be performed. Mr. Timothy Porter. You are wanted. Holloa! This is not our man! Slip into the hall, you two, and see that he does not get out of the nouse."

"There is no one in but ourselves and my servant Betty," said L There was a fruitless search and a partial xplanation, which so far satisfied the detective he made a sort of apology for the intrusion. "But, sir," he said in conclusion, "if you are so carcless as to let your house to a swindler, who joins his better paying tricks to quack doctering, what can you ex-

ions so substantial, though so flimsy, by review with my initials. A middle-aged mass with light prominent eyes, tow-colored hair, smooth face, retreating chin, and apare figure, the joints of which seemed to have been stretched upon the rack, came into the room at something between a trot and a shuffle, tumbled over a chair, begged its pardon, and sat on the edge of it. went abroad for a bobday, sent my servan away, and put in a charwonian."
"What is her name and address?" I gave both; and the policeman went away, followed by Mrs. T. P., who thanked heaven that her rascal of a husband had es-caped.

A novel wedding was celebrated in Mem

phis one day last week. A widow lady from

North Carolina, Mrs. M. Blackwell, on her

way to the Red river country with all her

household goods, including several children felt an sching void and determined to fill

"I have seen what you say in the p-p-pa-per, Mr. T. P., and I thought you might do my nerves good; so I—I called; I am so very bad been tempted to let Timothy Porter occupy my house in my absence; and I was pestered for months with indignant letters from persons who had sent postage stamps for copies of "The Nerves and their Victims," and had received nothing 'n return. It so happened that I had written about Timidity a short time before. Here was an-other reader who had taken the trouble to

liscover my address! It was flattering but puzzling.
"I am very glad," said I, "if any little hiats of mine should prove of service to you, but I fear that I cannot add anything to what has appeared in print."
"Oh," he cried, "I beg pardon, I am sore,

But perhaps I had better buy your book " How on earth the perusal of "The Pois-ner of the Pyrennees" should in any way oner of the Pyrennecs" should in any way brace his nervous system I could not divine; to but as it was published on the half-profit agreement, it was not for me to point out the improbability of such a result. So I smiled, and said that on the whole it would be better; and he shuffled-trotted away, dropping his hat and stick all about the passage, and apologizing profusely. I sat the improbability of such a result. So I smiled, and said that on the whole it would be better; and he shuffled-trotted away, dropping his hat and stick all about the passage, and apologizing profusely. I sat

An Awful Old Musket.

Mark Twain tells the following story, reated by a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he loaded an old Queen Anne's musket for his father once, whereup

on he gave the following : "You see, the old man was trying t learn me to shoot blackbirds, and beast that tore up the young corn and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, that I could be of some use about the larm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single barrelled shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne musket that weighed a ton, made a report like a thunder clap and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometime, but I was afraid. One day, though I got her down, and so I took her though, I got her down, and so I took her to the hired man and asked him how to load

her, because it was out in the field. her, because it was out in the neid.

"Hiram," said he, "do you see these
marks on the stock, an X and a V, on each
side of the Queen's crown? Well, that
means ten balls and five slugs—that is her "But how much powder?"

"Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in three or four handfulls." "So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out. I levelled on a good many blackbirds; but every time I went to pull the trigger, I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown him and cast him off when I learned of his fetched up at the house, and there was th old man resting on the porch.
"Been out hunting, have ye?"

Yes, sir," says L. "What did you kill ?" "Didn't kill anything, sir-didn't shoo her off-was afraid she would kick (I knew blamed well she would.)" "Gimme that gun!" the old man said, as

nad as sin And he took aim at a sapling on the othe And he took aim at a saping on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next moment I heard the earthquake, and heard the Queen Anne whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spinning around on one heel with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the back was torn off from that sanoling and the bark was torn off from that sappling like there was a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches and his iaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else can scare me the way I was scared that

An Accomodating Husband. The Hartford Courant tells of a fickle wife who left her husband in Providence and

went to Hartford to live with another man. Tiringof this the discontented woman left he paramour also, and reported that fact to the Chief of Police in this terse expression :-"I've left that man and there's trouble." The Courant says:

"What that trouble was may not be here stated. It appears that her husband not knowing of her wherabouts, had come to Hartford and secured work in one of the machine shops here, where he met the very man who had run away with his wife. Instead of getting square upon his dignity or setting up a shooting gallery, he treated the matter of seduction as the business of his wife entirely, who had a mind of her own and probably knew what she was about, but he desired some sort of a settlement. In fact he didn't know but that she had been imposed upon and was willing to be forgiven. If it was so, and she would come back and live with him again, he wanted to know it. The other fellow, who sympathized with him in his troubles, as he ought to have done under the circumstances, said that he had left the woman, as they did not live happily together, and if it would be any accommo dation he would go around with the husband and call upon her, and furthermore use hi influence to bring about a reconciliation. So much kindness, volunteered at that, nearly brought the husband to tears, and he took the hand of the cloper, and pressing it warmly gazed into his eyes affectionately, as much as to say, "This is too much!" But finally both started and sought the woman, though instead of talking fairly with her it was proposed that of these two men, who had each been rejected, she must choose one anyway or she would be prosecuted for adul-Time was given her to consider this tery. Time was given her to consider this delightful proposition, and meanwhile she visited the police headquarters and had the

Wanted Them Sorted Again. It was a small but merry company that net last (Tuesday) evening Kenkle's under the Sherman House. Bottle followed in rapid succession, and the tone of the imbibers was the most evalted But finally came a reaction, a drowsiness overtook the majority, and all but four departed. This quartette had "fit" so nobly that the field vas literally strewn with their bodies, and aid was required to get them home. Acfrom the stand, opposite the way, and with difficulty deposited a customer in each corner. He then turned to the driver and instructed him as follows:

"Dis one in de left corner drive to No.-West Randolph street. Dis one in the right corner you must take to the marble front on Union street, near the Paptist church. You must take him up de stairs, and dell his wife not to fight mit him. Dat leetle feller on de back seat take to Milwaukee avenue, by Schultze's, next the Odd Fellows' Hall; and odder one lives by Linkum Park." The driver, with an "All right," slammed the door of the carriage, mounted his seat, and

Mr. Kenkle and his "Joe" set things to right in the place, and in about twenty nutes were ready to close the sale the identical carriage again halted before "What's the matter?" inquired the pro-

"I have met with a sad mishap," answere the driver. "In passing sharply around a corner the jolt of the vehicle threw them all into a heap. I have been trying to right them, but can't tell which from 'tother. Won't you please sort them again?"

We would advise those who are solely roubled and vexed in spirit, lest peradver ture they have not found the true Church. read the following vision of the celebra ted Wesley, who at one time was seriously oubled in mind in regard to the dispos tion of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply. "Any Presbyterians ?" "Any Congregationalists?" "Any Methodists?" he as ked by way of a

In the mystic ways of dreams, a sudden ransition, and he stood before the gates of Improving his opportunity, he in-

mired again : Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "Any Presbyterians?"

"Any Congregationalists?" "Any Methodists?" "Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder.

who are they inside?"
"Christians," was the jubilant answer.

A very singular family difficulty occurred in this city on Wednesday night last. A man and his wife lived together happily, in the central part of the town. Some weeks ago the wife's sistes come to stay with the family, and soon fell desperately in love with her sister's husband. She told him of her affection, and J. seph-like, he upraided her for her weakness. She told her sister and for ner weakness. She told her sister, and, singular as it may seem, the wife took sides with her, and on Wednesday she and her single sister pitched into the husband most fiercely, abusing him for his want of love and feeling. The husband, after a terrible tongue-lashing, relented, agreed to soften his heart toward his sister-in-law, and now searching is altogether lovely in the foul. everything is altogether lovely in the family. New Albany, Ind., Commercial.

At the recent removal of the remains of felt an aching void and determined to fill the splace of the late Mr. Blackwell upon short notice. Procurring a marriage license with a blank for the name of the husband, with a blank for the name of the husband, of ceased, and underneath these words, a quo-

she explained her wishes to the landlord of the wagon yard where she resided while in transite, who introduced to her a young

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W. H. MURDOCH, Local Agen, and Ass't. Sec. sep 6, 1869.

It is authentically stated that one-fifth of th It is authentically stated that one of this country and Europe die of Con-umption. No disease has been more thoroughly tudied, and its nature less understood; there is no disease upon which exists a greater diversity of opinion and no disease which has more com-oletely baffled all medical skill and remedial

pletely baffled all medical skill and remedial agencies.

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by calling on or addressing WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD, Dec. 15, 186 Druggists, Raleigh, N. C. 570-wly. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, I GRANVILLE COUNTY Superior Court, August Tern, 1869.

James M. Bullock

Wm. M. Snead and wife, Ex'rs, and others. and others.

IT appearing to the Court that William B. Hunt, one of the defendants in this cause, is a non-resident, beyond the jurisdiction of this Court, it is therefore ordered by the Court that putitestice be made for him, for six secks secessively in the "Sixandard," a newspaper published in the city of Raicigh, notifying him to be and appear at the next term of this Court to be held for the county of Granville, at the Court House in Oxford, on the second Monday in February next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the plaintiff's bill, otherwise a decree proconjesso will be taken against him.

Wittess, Calvin Bettis, Clerk of said Court, at Oxford, 2d Monday in August, A. D. 1869.

C. BETTS, Clerk oct 30—w6w

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Raleigh, Wake County, N. C. THE UNDERSIGNED, having qualified as Executors of the last will and testament of Jonathan Worth, deceased, hereby notify all persons having claims against the decedent, to exhibit the same to said executors on or before the first day of October, 1870, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons in debted to the deceased are hereby requested to make homediate payment.

nake immediate payment.
D. G. WORTH,
W. H. BAGLEY,
Excentors. Sept. 27th 1869. 533-law6t SUPERIOR COURT CLERK'S BLANKS FOR LIFE INSURANCE.

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tained in 1869."

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UNANIMOUSLY
Adopted by the State Board of Louisiana, Sept.
17, 1869. By reference to the accompanying lists of Text Books used in the Schools of North Calo-lina in 1855, and those adopted this year, it will be seen that, in nearly every important particu-

THE OLD NORTH CAROLINA STANDARD ETNA The Present Standard. The Original Standar

The Present Standard.

Adopted by the Board of Education.

Parker and Watson's Spellers.

Parker and Watson's Primet.

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Parker & Watson's Primet.

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Book.

North Carolina Reader No. 11.

Davies Primary Arithmetic.

Davies Primary Arithmetic.

Davies Primary Arithmetic.

Davies Written and Practical Arithmetic.

Monteith's Beries of Geography.

Monteith's History United Monteith's History United Bry.

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phy.

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THE MAST REPORTS ACCRES IN ADMIN CAMBLES

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Send me ten Davies' Intellectual Arithmetics for introduction. They are superior to any I have seen.—W. F. ESGLISH, Mount Olive, Oct. 20th, 1869. I intend using the same books in my school as those used in the Common Schools. * * I am already using Monteith's Geographics.—John D. Johnson, Yadkinville, Sept. 26, 1820. Jaminosis, Fankinosis, Sept. 29, 2021.

I am and have ever been an earnest advocate of unitormity in school books. The Board recommendations—Arithmetics and Geographics—are the best that could have been made.—II.

H. SMITH, Lincolnton, Sept. 28th, 1869.

G. W. Jewett, Wilmington, Oct. 13, 1973.

Davies' Mathematics was adopted by me in 1858, and up to this time I have examined as work superior to them. I have examined Me Nally's Geography and Peck's Ganot's Natural Philosophy. I consider them most excellent works and shall put them into my boys' hauds at the errliest period.—J. E. Dugger, Priv. Male Academy, Warrenton.

It is my purpose to introduce Monteith's (No. 4) into my school. I give it the preference for the information which it gives on the subject of Physical Geography. The maps and question in both works (Monteith and McNally) seem to me to be admirable.—Rev. ALDERT SMEDES, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's, Raleigh.

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that has been copy righted. According to this

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ulfilled the purposes of its formation."
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> Have acknowledged superiority by competent judges,—Western Sentingle Are excelled by none of the many

hood, we are constrained to be enhappy pupils of the present.-Wilk The National Series bas attained higher reputation than any other ce-For particulars concerning t.

LAND FOR SALE.

In this cause it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants reside beyond the limits of the State of North Carolina, and mits of the state of Aorta Carbon has the ordinary process of law cannot be served cm, it is lived. That publication be made in the Ordered. That publication be made in the Weekly Sandard, a newspaper published in the city of Raleigh, for six weeks successively, retiriying the defendants to answer the complimitied in the office of the Clerk of said Cous, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the clief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and scal of said Gurt, this first day of October, 1869.

J. N. BUNTIN.

Clerk Sup'r Court Wake Courty.

oct 5 THE EGYPT COMPANY OF NORTH CARCINA.

JAMES T. WIGGINS,

From Bey. C. H. Willey formerly State Supt. of Education. Education.

Bristol, Tenn., Oct. 14, 193.

I laid seen by the papers what had been done by the Board of Education in North Carolina and was glad. I had ample reasons formy former recommendations in the use of the books in

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It affords me great pleasure to bestow on them my heartlest commendation. They are vastly superior to any other books of the kind I have yet seen.—W. H. WEATHERLY, Prin. Cls. and Math. School, Elizabeth City, Oct. 25, 1860.

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I have waited patiently for the adoption by the Board of Education of this state of the books to be used in the public schools, and am much pleased to find that so many have been selected from the National Series.—Rev. W. L. Miller, Charlotte, Octol, 1869. Its ratio of expense to income is extremely Am much pleased with both the Spellers and all the Readers; and as to the Series of 6-ographics. I have long used no others when these could be obtained. Dr. W.M. B. HARHELL, Prin.

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any other save one. It insured more lives in Seminary, Mount Pleasant.

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ded and beyond all precedent. Eight Prof. J. M. M. CALDWELL, Greensboro' High years ago, in 1861, it issued only 589 policies, received an income of seventy-eight Distinguished Editors and Critics Praise Them-The Series must prove acceptable. The structure of language is beautifully exhibited.—Fayetteville Presbylerian.

This firm will allow us competition in the price of books published by themi, which are among the best in the State.—Statesville American, 1866. thousand dollars, and possessed net assets summing up to something over two hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars; but last year, 1868, it granted 13,-337 new policies, more than any other company, except the Mutual Life; received an income exceeding six millions

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D perior Court of the County of Gran made at the August Term, A. D. 1887, upon petition of Thos. H. Mann, Thomas L. Ma and others, heirs at law of William B. M. deceased, I will, on Saturday, the 20th o'N vember next, at the Court House door is town of Oxford, sell to the highest older, the lands belonging to said estate Supposed Supplain. the Raleigh & Gaston Railread, sud about three the Raleigh & Gaston Railread, sud about three miles south of the town of pendersyn, and will be sold in three separate ofts or paraels, for division among said here.

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